

THE
Death and Burial
 OF
POOR JACK OSBORNE.

Who killed poor Osborne?

I, said long Tom,
 With my *casting* gun,
 I killed poor Osborne.

Who saw him do it?

I, said John Bennett,
 And sorry I'm for it,
 I saw him do it.

Who caught his blood?

I, said Jack Gould,
 As 'twas bright as gold,
 I caught his blood.

Who'll make his shroud?

I, said Sam Keays,
 With pleasure and ease,
 I'll make his shroud.

Who'll dig his grave?

I, said Bob Law,
 With my *crooked claw*,
 I'll dig his grave.

Who'll be the Parson?

I, said Jos Hargrave,
 As I'm a smooth k—ve,
 I'll be the Parson.

Who'll be the Clerk?

I, said big Jim,
 Tho' I know its a sin,
 I'll be the Clerk.

Who'll carry him to the grave?

I, said Power, John,
 As *friend Joe* has me won,
 I'll carry him to the grave.

Who'll carry the link?

I, said Sam Lane,
 As my face is a flame,
 I'll carry the link.

Who'll be chief mourner?

I, said keen Charley,
 As I have *no Blarney*,
 I'll be chief mourner.

Who'll make the pall?

I, said James Connell,
 With nice Bantry flannel,
 I'll make the pall.

Who'll toll the bell?

I, said King, Joe,
 With my saintly toe,
 I'll toll the bell.

All the men of Cork city

Went into deep mourning,
 When they heard this Committee
 So basely had sold them,

And the County men too,

Were to madness provok'd,
 That at Steam, as at Loo,
 The Cits thus them jok'd.